

# The Mirror

OF

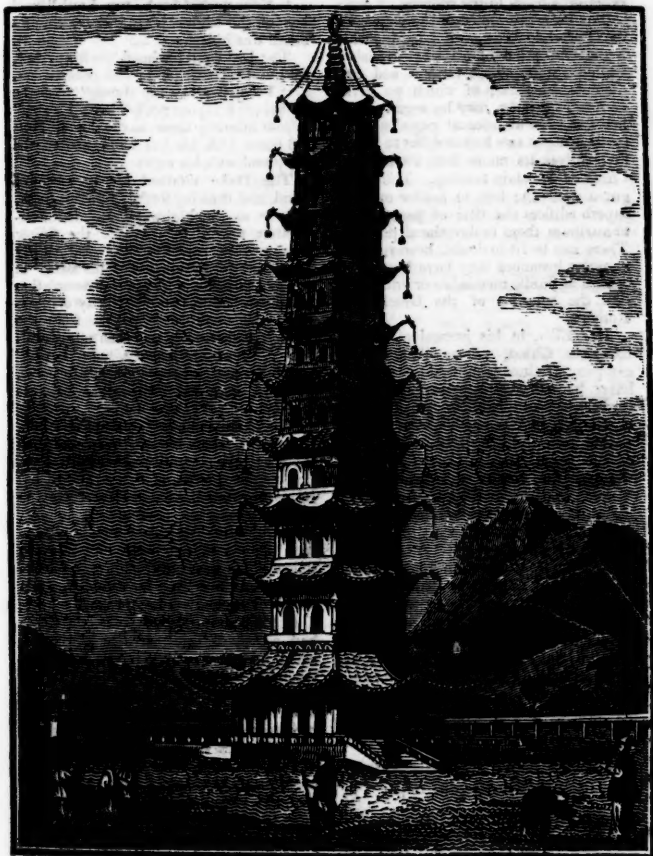
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Porcelain Tower in China.



CHINA contains few natural curiosities, but those of art are stupendous. There is the great wall, which separating China from Tartary, extends about fifteen hundred miles, built some centuries before Christ, and excelling any fortification

of the ancients. This wall is carried over mountains and vallies, and is built principally of brick and mortar, from twenty to five and twenty feet high, and ten or twelve feet thick.

The chain bridges are very ingenious,

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as may be seen by a reference to No. 38, of the *Mirror*, where we gave an engraving of the celebrated chain bridge of China. The triumphal arches of China are not built in the Greek and Roman style of architecture, although they are superb and beautiful—but their towers, the models of which are now frequent in Europe under the name of pagodas, are great ornaments to the country.

The most celebrated of the pagodas, is the Porcelain Tower of Nankin, which is the admiration of all who, in visiting China, see it. This elegant and commodious building, of which we give a correct engraving, may be regarded as a fine specimen of oriental pagodas. The tower is about two hundred feet in height, and derives its name from its having a China or porcelain coating. The Portuguese were the first to bestow on these superb edifices the title of pagodas, and to attribute them to devotional purposes. There can be little doubt, however, that in many instances they have been rather erected as public memorials or ornaments, like the columns of the Greeks and Romans.

Mr. Ellis, in his journal of the embassy to China, relates that, in the company of three gentlemen of the embassy, he succeeded in passing completely through the uninhabited part of the city of Nankin, and in reaching the gateway visible from the Lion Hill. The object of the party was to have penetrated through the streets to the Porcelain Tower, apparently distant two miles. To this, however, the soldiers who accompanied them, and who, from their willingness in allowing them to proceed thus far, were entitled to consideration, made so many objections, that they were forced to desist, and to content themselves with proceeding to a temple on a neighbouring hill, from which they had a very complete view of the city. From this station the Porcelain tower presented itself as a most magnificent object.

#### PHYSIOGNOMY.

*A translation from the German, by the late B. THOMPSON, Esq.*

THE following authentic narrative will at least exhibit such a pointed exception to the rules laid down for this science by Lavater, as at once to render every rule doubtful; and will serve to illustrate, that a forbidding countenance is not always incompatible with virtue:—

The Duke of S<sup>ss</sup> was, some years ago, travelling from town to his seat in the country, accompanied by no one except

his two out-riders. He had proceeded nearly twenty miles, when the road lay through a small wood; and he had but just entered this, when the carriage was suddenly surrounded by six men on horseback. Two of these secured one of the attendants, two another; the remaining two held pistols through the side-windows of the carriage.

"Your pocket-book, my Lord," said one of the highwaymen, whose countenance was hideous.

The Duke put his hand into his pocket, drew out a heavy purse, and presented it.

"I beg pardon, my Lord," said the robber; "it is your pocket-book I want." While uttering these words he weighed the purse with his left hand, and cocked the pistol with his right.

The Duke retained his presence of mind, and drawing forth his pocket-book, gave it to the highwayman, who deliberately opened it. While the fellow examined its contents, his Grace calmly examined the lineaments of his face. It was not possible to imagine an association of human features more perfectly disgusting. He took some papers from the Duke's pocket-book, and then returned it.

"A pleasant journey, my Lord!" called he, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped with his companions towards London.

The Duke examined his pocket-book, in which, when he left town, he had 2,500*l.*; and, contrary to his expectation, he now found 500*l.* of this sum still left in his possession. He told the story to all his friends, and used always to add, "I would give, at this moment, a hundred pounds if you could only see the fellow; for never did nature so completely stamp a man for a robber. His very look argued predestination."

In the course of two years his Grace had ceased to think of the adventure, when he one morning received the following letter:—

"My Lord,—I am a poor foreign Jew. The Prince whose subject I was became a blood-sucker to his subjects in order that he might have the means of hunting the stag, and giving this animal's blood to his hounds. I went to England with five others of my religion, hoping there to find the means of livelihood. I fell ill at sea, and the vessel, in which I had taken my passage, was wrecked. A man, whom I had never seen before, sprung from the shore into the water, and saved my life at the risk of his own. He took me to his house, caused me to be well treated by his family, and sent for a surgeon. He was a woollen-manufacturer, and had twelve children alive. I

recovered, and he required of me nothing more than that I should occasionally visit him. Some time after I observed, during one of my calls, that he was in a state of great dejection. The American war had broken out—he had sent eight thousand pounds worth of goods to Boston, and the merchants there would not pay. He confessed to me that in a month a bill of exchange drawn by him would become due; that he could not pay it; and that if he did not, he was ruined. I would most willingly have assisted him, but it was out of my power; and reflecting that I owed my life to him, determined on sacrificing it for him. I imparted my wishes to the five Jews who had accompanied me from the Continent, and who all felt a regard for me, as I for them. We posted ourselves on the road, by which your Grace was destined to pass, and you, of course, recollect what occurred. I took out of your pocket-book 2,000*l.*, and in your purse I found 110*l.* I wrote a letter in an unknown name, sending the preserver of my life the 2,000*l.* which he wanted, and stating that I should again apply for it as soon as I knew that he possessed so much. At that time I saved him; but the American troubles continued, and a week ago the unfortunate man died insolvent. During the interval that has elapsed since I saw your Grace, I have more than once had concerns in the lottery, and on the very day the manufacturer died, the wheel of fortune gave me 4,000*l.*

“Inclosed, therefore, you receive, my Lord, with interest, the sum of which I robbed you; and you will find 1,000*l.* beyond this, which I request you to send — at — Have the goodness and condescension to inquire, at the same time, after a poor Jew, who was formerly attended, during illness, with hospitable attention by that kind family. With the rest of my lottery-profits I return to the continent, accompanied by my five countrymen. I swear to you, my Lord, by the God of our fathers, that not a pistol which we possessed was loaded when we attacked you. We were apprised of your journey; we knew that you carried with you a considerable sum; but no temptation should have induced us to injure you.

“Spare yourself the trouble of a fruitless attempt to discover us. When this letter reaches you, we shall have been several days at sea. The God of our fathers preserve you!”

The Duke caused inquiries to be made respecting the woollen-manufacturer, as well as the poor Jew, and every word of the letter was confirmed. His Grace not only sent the unfortunate family all that

the letter contained, but provided for several members of it in other respects.

“I’d give a hundred pounds,” said the Duke frequently, “if any man would shew me the face of that ugly Jew; and I’d give a thousand if any one would bring me the hideous fellow himself.”

## ON THE CUSTOM OF KISSING HANDS.

(For the Mirror.)

MR. MORIN, a French academician, has amused himself with collecting several historical notices of this custom, a summary of which I give for the benefit of those who have had, or not had, the honour of kissing his Majesty’s hand.

This custom is not only very ancient and nearly universal, but has been alike participated by religion and society. To begin with religion. From the remotest times men saluted the sun, moon, and stars, by kissing the hand. Job assures us that he was never given to this superstition, xxxi. 26. The same honour was rendered to Baal, Kings i. 18. Other instances might be adduced.

We now pass to Greece, where all foreign superstitions were received. Lucian, after having mentioned various sorts of sacrifices which the rich offered the gods, adds, that the poor adored them by the simpler compliment of kissing their hands. This author gives an anecdote of Demosthenes, which shows this custom. When a prisoner to the soldiers of Antipater, he asked to enter a temple. When he entered, he touched his mouth with his hands, which the guards took for an act of religion. He did it, however, more securely to swallow the poison he had prepared for such an occasion. He mentions other instances.

From the Greeks it passed to the Romans. Pliny places it amongst those ancient customs, of which they were ignorant of the origin or the reason. Persons were treated as Atheists who would not kiss their hands when they entered a temple. When Apuleius mentions Psyche, he says, she was so beautiful that they adored her as Venus in kissing the right hand.

This ceremonial was associated with the earliest institutions of Christianity. It was a custom with the primeval bishops to give their hands to be kissed by the ministers who served at the altar.

This custom, however, as a religious rite, declined with Paganism.

In society, M. Morin considers the custom of kissing hands as essential to its welfare. It is a mute form which

expresses reconciliation, which entreats favours, or which thanks for those received. It is an universal language, intelligible without an interpreter, which, doubtless, preceded writing, and, perhaps, speech itself.

Solomon says of the flatterers and supplicants of his time, that they ceased not to kiss the hands of their patrons till they had obtained the favours which they solicited. In Homer we see Priam kissing the hands and embracing the knees of Achilles, while he supplicates for the body of Hector.

This custom prevailed in ancient Rome; but it varied. In the first ages of the republic it seems to have been only practised by inferiors to their superiors; equals gave their hands and embraced. In the progress of time even the soldiers refused to shew this mark of respect to their generals; and their kissing the hand of Cato when he was obliged to quit them, was regarded as an extraordinary circumstance at a period of such refinement. The great respect paid to the tribunes, consuls, and dictators, obliged individuals to live with them in a more distant and respectful manner; and instead of embracing them as they did formerly, they considered themselves as fortunate if allowed to kiss their hands. Under the emperors, kissing hands became an essential duty even for the great themselves; inferior courtiers were obliged to be content to adore the purple by kneeling, touching the robe of the emperor by the right hand, and carrying it to the mouth. Even this was thought too free; and at length they saluted the emperor at a distance, by kissing their hands in the same manner as when they adored their gods.

It is superfluous to trace this custom in every country where it exists. It is practised in every known country in respect to sovereigns and superiors, even amongst the Negroes and the inhabitants of the new world. Cortez found it established at Mexico, where more than a thousand lords saluted him in touching the earth with their hands, which they afterwards carried to their mouth.

Thus, whether the custom of salutation is practised by kissing the hands of others from respect, or in bringing one's own to the mouth, it is of all other customs the most universal. Mr. Morin concludes that this practice is now become too gross; and it is considered as a meanness to kiss the hand of those with whom we are in habits of intercourse; and he prettily observes, that this custom would be entirely lost if *lovers* were not solicitous to preserve it in all its full power.

EDRIC.

## ON SEEING AN ALOE IN FLOWER LAST AUGUST.

(For the Mirror.)

PALE offspring of a hundred years,  
Whom long expectancy endears;  
A wish of childhood, a young thought,  
In early fancy deep'ly wrought:  
Fair stranger in a northern bower,  
Thou tremulous and tender flower,  
No human eye shall e'er behold  
Thy bashful beauties twice unfold.  
Stainless from any taint of earth,  
Thou hast thy pure elaborate birth;  
No hues but those of softest green  
Are in thine airy blossoms seen.  
From that stern bosom drawn alone,  
That spreads for thee a starlike throne,  
Then seest thy sudden growth arise,  
And point unswerving to the skies.  
Thy slender stem like flame aspires  
To heaven, and prompts the silent pray'r  
In him whose eye upruls'd admires  
Thy beauty in the realms of air,  
Where not a floweret bursts its sleath,  
Till far above our fleeting breath  
It drinks a purer gale, imbued  
With sacred love of solitude.

Mus.

## EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The story recorded of Santi, in No. 62, brings to mind a circumstance, the authenticity of which you may rely on.

A young lady having jokingly remarked to her friend how extremely ugly she looked, it had such an effect upon the mind of the poor girl, that her face naturally grew distorted.

Another instance, as true as the above, is as follows:—A Gentleman meeting an old acquaintance, ironically said, "Bless me Mr. —, how very ill you look!" the consequence of which was, that the gentleman went home, took to his bed, and in a day or two died.

Did my time permit, I could relate many more such circumstances equally true; but, it is to be hoped, that the two most melancholy ones already related, may deter others from a practice so wicked, and so dangerous.

A CONSTANT READER.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### JANUARY IN LONDON.

Now—but before I proceed further let me bespeak the reader's indulgence at least, if not his favour, towards this everlasting monosyllable, *now*, to which my betters have from time to time been so much indebted, and on which I shall be compelled to place so much dependance

in this my present undertaking. It is the pass-word, the "open sesame," that must remove from before me all lets and impediments—it is the charm that will alternately put to silence my imagination when it may be disposed to infringe on the office of my memory, and awaken my memory when it is inclined to sleep—in fact it is a monosyllable of infinite avail, and for which, on this, as on many other occasions, no substitute can be found in our own or any other language: and if I approve above all other proverbs that which says "there's nothing like the time present," it is partly because "the time present" is but a periphrasis for Now!

Now, then, the cloudy canopy of sea-coal smoke that hangs over London, and crowns her queen of capitals, floats thick and threefold—for fires and feastings are rife, and every body is either "out" or "at home" every night—Now school-boys do not know what to do with themselves till dinner-time—for the good old days of frost and snow, and fairs on the Thames, and furred groves, and skating on the canals, and sliding on the kennels, are gone by; and for any thing in the shape of winter, one might as well live in Italy at once!—Now, (on the evening of twelfth-day) mischievous maid servants pin elderly people together at the windows of pastry-cooks' shops—thinking them "weeds that have no business there."—Now, if a frosty day or two *does* happen to pay us a flying visit on its way home to the North Pole, how the little boys make slides on the pathways for the lack of ponds, and, it may be, trip up an occasional housekeeper just as he steps out of his own door;—who forthwith vows vengeance, in the shape of ashes, on all the slides in his neighbourhood—not, doubtless, out of vexation at his own mishap, and revenge against the petty perpetrators of it, but purely to avert the like from others!—Now Bond-street begins to be conscious of carriages—two or three people are occasionally seen wandering through the Western Bazaar—and the Soho ditto is so thronged, that Mr. Trotter begins to think of issuing another decree against the inroads of single gentlemen.—Now linen-draperies begin to "sell off" their stock at "fifty per cent. under prime cost," and continue so doing all the rest of the year—every article of which will be found on inspection to be of "the last new pattern," and to have been "only had in that morning!"—Now oranges are eaten in the dress-circle of the great theatres, and inquiries are propounded there whether "that gentleman in black," meaning Hamlet, "is

Harlequin?" And laughs and "La! Mamma's" resound thence, to the remotest corners of the house; and "the gods" make merry during the play, in order that they may be at leisure to listen to the pantomime! and Mr. Farley is consequently in his glory, and Mr. Grimaldi is a great man: as, indeed, when is he not?—Now newspapers teem with twice-tens-told-tales of haunted houses, and great sea-snakes, and mermaids; and a murder is worth a jew's-eye to them; for "the House does not meet for the dispatch of business till the third of February." And great and grievous are the lamentations that are heard in the said newspapers over the lateness of the London season, and its detrimental effects on the interests of the metropolis:—but they forget to add, "Erratum—for *metropolis* read *newspapers*."—Now Moore's Almanack holds "sole sovereign sway and mastery" among the readers of that class of literature:—for there has not yet been time to nullify any of its predictions—not even that which says "we may expect some frost and snow about this period."—Finally—now periodical works put on their best attire—the old ones expressing their determination to become new, and the new ones to become old; and the *New Monthly Magazine* in particular—which is both new and old, and which realizes in its performances the pretensions of all the others (!)—makes a point of putting forth the first of some pleasant series of papers (*ecce signum!*) which cannot fail to fix the wavering propensities of the most periodical of readers, and make him her own for another twelve months at least!—*New Monthly Magazine*.

#### THE INDIAN LOVER'S SONG.

Hasten, love! the sun hath set,  
And the moon, through twilight gleaming,  
On the mosque's white minaret,  
Now in silver light is streaming.

All is hush'd in soft repose,  
Silence rests on field and dwelling,  
Save where the bulbul\* to the rose  
A tale of love is sweetly telling.

Stars are glittering in the sky,  
"Blest abodes of light and gladness:"  
Oh! my life! that thou and I  
Might quit for them this world of sadness.

See the fire-fly in the tope†  
Brightly through the darkness shining,  
As the ray which heavenly hope  
Flashes on the soul's repining.

Then haste! bright treasure of my heart!  
Flowers around, and stars above thee,  
Alone must see us meet and part,  
Alone must witness how I love thee.

*Oriental Herald.*

\* Indian Nightingale.

† Grove, or thick cluster of trees.

## SONG OF AN ARABIAN GIRL.

Ah! would I were in Araby!  
For every splendour here I see,  
Is far less lovely—far less fair  
Than Nature's simplest treasures there.

There, 'mid the burning desert's waste,  
The chrystal fount how sweet to taste;  
The cooling shade of palmy tree  
How welcome in bright Araby.

There the fierce sun shoots from his ray  
A blaze of glory o'er the day;  
And moon and stars at soothing night  
Shed beams of softer, bolder light.

But, ah! beyond e'en charms like these,  
An Arab maiden's heart to please,  
My love is there!—to him I'd flee,  
And live and die in Araby.

Ibid.

## CROSSING OF PROVERBS,

FROM AN OLD WORK.

Prov. *The more the merrier.*

Cross. Not so; one hand is enough in  
a purse.

P. *Hee that runnes fastest, gets most  
ground.*

C. Not so; for then footmen would  
get more ground than their masters.

P. *He runnes far that never turnes.*

C. Not so; he may breake his necke  
in a short course.

P. *No man can call againe yesterday.*

C. Yes; he may call till his heart ake,  
tho' it never come.

P. *He that goes softly, goes safely.*

C. Not among thieves.

P. *Nothing hurts the stomach more  
than surfeiting.*

C. Yes, lacke of meat.

P. *Nothing is hard to a willing mind.*

C. Yes, to get money.

P. *None so blind as they that will not  
see.*

C. Yes, they that cannot see.

P. *There is no creature so like a man  
as an ape.*

C. Yes, a woman.

P. *Nothing but is good for something.*

C. Not so; nothing is not good for  
any thing.

P. *Every thing hath an end.*

C. Not so; a ring hath none, for it is  
round.

P. *Money is a great comfort.*

C. Not when it brings a thief to the  
gallows.

P. *The world is a long journey.*

C. Not so; the sunne goes it every  
day.

P. *It is a great way to the bottom of  
the sea.*

C. Not so; it is but a stone's cast.

P. *A friend is best found in adversity.*

C. Not so; for then there's none to  
be found.

P. *The pride of the rich makes the  
labours of the poor.*

C. No, the labours of the poore make  
the pride of the rich.

P. *Virtue is a jewel of great price.*

C. Not so; for then the poore could  
not come by it. *Lady's Mag.*

## RIDDLES.

Q. In words unnumber'd I abound,  
In me mankind doth take delight;  
In me much learning still is found,  
Yet I can neither read nor write.

Answer. *It is a booke printed or  
written.*

Q. With learning daily I am conversant,  
And scan the wisdom of the wisest man;  
With force I pierce the strongest argu-  
ment,  
Yet know no more than it had never  
been.

A. *It is a worm that eats through the  
bookes in a learned library.*

Q. Full rich am I, yet care not who  
Doth take away from me my wealth;  
Be it by fraud, I will not see,  
Nor prosecute, though 't be by stealth.

A. *It is a coffer wherein great riches  
are laid up.*

Q. Tho' I am pierced a thousand times,  
Yet in me not a hole is made;  
I notice give when Phæbus climbs  
To drowseie mortals in their bed.

A. *It is a window penetrated by the  
light.*

Q. I'm dragg'd along thro' dirt and mire,  
O'er cragg'd stones and hills about;  
And yet I neither faint nor tire,  
But rather weary those that do't.

A. *It is a coach drawn about by horses.*

Q. Five ribs I have, a bresch and head,  
Four feet, and likewise a long tail:  
In smoke and fire I make my bed,  
And to do service never fail.

A. *It is a gridiron.*

There—that is quite a sufficient dose  
for one afternoon; but by the way of  
showing that we can fool it with the  
best of our country cousins, we will give  
one of our own—

Q. Why is the Temple Church so much  
like Heaven?

A. *There none are married, or in  
marriage given.*

The church in the Temple was founded  
in the reign of Henry II., upon the  
model of that of the holy sepulchre at  
Jerusalem, and is *extra-parochial*. But  
it would be better not to put this conun-  
dram; for perhaps some unlucky CEdipus  
might answer, *because the TEMPLARS  
seldom go thither.*

Ibid.



PETER PINDARICS ;  
OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

## LONGING.

'As fancy works'—'tis Pope that says it—  
Maid yield to every phantasy,  
And judgment then, when Ape betrays it,  
Leads cooler minds to think them crazy.  
Through whims, most strange, these fair ones  
err,

Whose reason fond imaginations mock :  
But hold !—enough that I refer  
To Pope's said Rape, *videlicet*, the Lock.  
Nor shall the maidens' case be press'd too hard,  
Nor they alone in ridicule be had  
By me a vagrant Muse and rambling bard ;  
For married women are almost as bad.  
That maids have fancies, truth records,  
As ever in their noddles thronging ;  
But have not they, 'who love their lords,'  
Some fancies too ?—they call it 'Longing.'

A case in point—we've many equal,  
But few so pleasant in the sequel.  
The fact I know—the time is recent—  
The names I hide—I think it decent.

A bishop, worthiest of the stock,  
And gentle as the gentlest of his flock,  
A goodly company of friends most dear  
Invited to his hospitable cheer.  
Amid the visitors, was one  
Who promised soon a daughter or a son ;  
Or both, 'twas possible, might come ;  
For Heaven is doubly kind to some.  
For all her little wants the prelate cared,  
And nought that kindness could devise was  
spared :

But still an absence she betray'd,  
Though not expressly from intention :  
She lent no ear to what he said,  
And lost on her was all attention.  
She bow'd—but yet her eyes would constant  
turn,

And fix themselves upon a *ciller urn*.  
No dullard he—and, when she went,  
Along with her the urn was sent.  
In season due, the child was born,  
And early on the auspicious morn,

The grateful maitron  
Announc'd it to her generous patron.  
The time from this was not remote,  
When the grave bishop dropp'd a note,  
As thus :—'Dear ma'am I cannot tell  
How glad I am that all is well :—  
You've had your longing, and 'twas my delight  
To pity and relieve your pain ;  
Now I have mine (as reasonable quite)  
And long to have my *urn* again !'

## The Novelist.

No. XLV.

## THE CASTLE OF ORCANI,

## AN ITALIAN TALE.

'Twas in the dreary month of November,  
The night was dark—the rain, driven by  
a most tempestuous wind, beat with violence  
against the window, when a strange  
noise in his chamber awoke the young  
Count Alfonso ; he listened ; the wonder-  
ful sound which he had but indistin-  
ctly heard—the howling of the wind—  
and the heaviness of the rain—all con-

spired to increase his terror. At length  
a deep groan struck his ear, he rose  
cautiously and softly, determining, at  
all events, to defend himself as well as he  
was able, and groped for his sword in the  
corner close to his bed in which he was  
accustomed to put it, on retiring to rest,  
but—it was gone ! The horror that per-  
vaded his soul at the expectation of his  
receiving every moment the deadly blow ;  
at having no one near him to whom he  
could call for assistance—and no weapon  
with which he could make any defence—  
these thoughts occupied his mind for an  
instant. He rushed towards the door,  
and stumbled over what appeared to him  
to be the body of a man, his terror was  
now at its climax, but he hastily regain-  
ed his footing, and with the rapidity of  
lightning, descended the stone staircase ;  
he fancied he heard footsteps swiftly fol-  
lowing him, and he quickened his pace,  
till he had arrived at the door of old  
Gonzalo, who had lived many years in  
the family, in the capacity of steward.  
He thundered at the door, and the old  
man within, demanded "who was there?"  
"It is Alfonso," cried he, "for the love  
of Heaven be quick, and let me in !"  
"Good God ! what has happened to my  
dear young master ?" exclaimed Gonzalo,  
quite terrified, and opening the door,  
which he was in the habit of fastening :  
in darted Alfonso, pale, and breathless,  
and hastily shutting the door, locked  
it again after him. "What brings you  
out of your bed at this unseasonable  
hour, and what can have thus affrighted  
you ?" again eagerly inquired Gonzalo.  
"Do not ask me ; do not ask me !"   
wildly articulated the youth, and sunk  
senseless on the floor.

One of the Count's footmen, named  
Sancho, a resolute and enterprising young  
man, slept in the chamber contiguous to  
that of Gonzalo, and the old steward im-  
mediately called him to his assistance.  
Having placed the insensible young  
Count in a chair, he soon revived, and  
with the greatest composure, related to  
them the cause of his alarm. After a  
little deliberation, they agreed to repair  
immediately to Alfonso's apartment, but  
had the precaution to provide themselves  
with a pair of pistols each, and the  
young Count followed them in the rear.  
As they entered the room, he shuddered  
at the recollection of the horror in which  
he had quitted it. "There is nobody  
here ;" exclaimed Sancho, as he entered,  
"I'll warrant it was nothing but a dream  
which on awaking, you fancied was real."  
"It was no such thing," quickly return-  
ed the youth, somewhat displeased at the  
supposition.

They proceeded to search every place where it was possible any body could have concealed himself. "They must have escaped," at length exclaimed Alfonso, casting his eyes round the room, when his sword, which he had endeavoured to stow in the dark, met his view; it was lying on the floor, not far from the bed. He took it up and examined it; the point was tinged with blood but newly shed, and the place near which it lay was dyed with the same crimson colour. "Look here, Sancho," said Alfonso; "you will now be convinced that I have had no dream." It immediately occurred to Gonzalo that they might find out something by tracing the spots of blood; but to their astonishment and disappointment it was confined to one place. They were, therefore, not enabled to make any discovery of this mystery; but no doubt was entertained in their minds that the young Count's sword had been the instrument for perpetrating some atrocious deed.

The Count Tassini, father of the young Alfonso, at the decease of his father, who was then about twenty-three years of age, found a large fortune at his disposal, and being the elder brother, succeeded to the title. He married a young lady, to whom he had, for some time, been attached. Her parents possessed considerable property, which he inherited at their death. The ancient Castle of Orcani had belonged to the Count's family for centuries, and had recently undergone a thorough repair.

The Countess had had but two children, one of whom died at a very early age. Alfonso had already attained the age of fifteen, and was greatly idolized by his parents: he was brave, generous, and benevolent, and was sincerely beloved by all who knew him for the gentleness of his disposition and goodness of heart.

About this time Francisco, a younger brother of the Count Tassini, returned from the army, having been abroad many years. He was precisely the reverse of his brother in every respect. The Count was all that was amiable, and felt himself peculiarly happy when promoting the felicity of his fellow-creatures; whilst, on the other hand, there was nothing that Francisco would pause to execute, however diabolical, he might have in view. He took up his abode at Orcani, and intimated that he should probably stay about a month, as he shortly intended to rejoin his regiment. Tassini had never seen him since the death of his father, and was ignorant of the real character of his brother. He accordingly introduced him to the Countess, when what was

Francisco's astonishment at beholding the very same lady to whom, under an assumed title, he paid his addresses eighteen years before! He had then endeavoured, by every art he could devise, to prepossess her in his favour; and at length applied to her father for his consent to their union. The old man referred him to his daughter, telling him, that if she had fixed her affections upon him, his concurrence to the match should not be wanting, and that he had but one wish—to see his child happy. Francisco accordingly had a private interview with the young lady: he urged his suit with all that insinuating art which is so natural to the Italian; but contrary to his expectations, she told him that her heart was already engaged, and that she could never be his. This rejection exasperated him greatly, and he contrived a plot to carry her off by force. One evening an opportunity presented itself, and she was suddenly seized and conveyed into a carriage in which was Francisco, who drove off at a furious rate. Her father, however, was soon after apprised of the circumstance, and he summoned his servants to attend him; horses were instantly saddled, and they hastened after Francisco, and at length came up with the carriage, which they succeeded in stopping. Francisco, finding himself thus unexpectedly foiled, resolved to be revenged on the young lady's father, whom he espied a little distance from him: he seized a pistol and fired—the ball missed him, but unfortunately lodged in the breast of one of his servants, who fell lifeless to the ground. Francisco darted out of the carriage, seized his horse, and, aided by the darkness of the night, and the confusion that the rest were in, escaped. The young lady was found in a state of insensibility. Every endeavour was afterwards made to discover the retreat of Francisco, and bring him to justice; but he had effectually eluded the vigilance of those who went in quest of him.

Tassini had for many years endeavoured to learn what had become of his brother; and his sudden visit to the castle greatly surprised him. It was fortunate, however, that the Countess did not recognise him.

Francisco, who had never liked his brother, now found that it was he who had been his rival: this idea haunted his imagination, and the greatest hatred filled his bosom. He reflected that by the death of the Count's family all their property (which he knew was very considerable) would belong to him. These circumstances combined, stimulated him



to plan the destruction of the whole family; but though so habituated to every species of villany, he could not conceive how it could be carried into execution without incurring suspicion. He at length fixed the day for his departure from the castle; the Count had tried every means in his power, but in vain, to induce him to quit the army and reside with them; and he had taken leave but a short time before this story commences.

Gonzalo deemed it advisable to acquaint his master, without delay, of what happened; upon which the Count instantly rose, and several servants were summoned to attend him. He first proceeded to Alfonso's chamber, where he was himself an eye-witness of what is before related; and afterwards went down stairs, when it was discovered that the Castle had been robbed of the plate, and almost every portable article of value. It was ascertained how the robbers had gained admittance—the great massive bolts that secured the outer door must have been withdrawn. This led the Count to suspect that somebody had been concealed within for the purpose of letting in his companions; and after picking the lock of the hall door, which was found open, they had thus easily gained access to every part of the castle. But the ingenuity with which they had effected the robbery—their having carefully avoided entering the bed-chambers, or alarming the servants, and having ransacked every other apartment—were convincing proofs it could not have been done so dexterously by strangers.

The report of the robbery soon spread far and wide, and the friends of the Count hastened to the castle to give him their advice and assistance. Their exertions were indefatigable in scouring the country round about—all persons who excited any suspicion were detained and examined, and large rewards were offered for the discovery of the marauders.

Nearly a week had passed away, during which every effort had been made, but nothing farther transpired, to bring the thieves to justice. On the sixth day after the robbery, a servant brought the Count a scrap of paper that had been found under the door on opening it in the morning, on which was written the following:—

*"COUNT TASSINI,—When we deprived you of your property, you did not consider that we left you your life—so be quiet, or we shall soon pay you another visit."*

The neighbourhood of Orcani had for some time been reported to have been infested with banditti, and what tended

greatly to strengthen these reports, was the frequent depredations that had been committed. These circumstances, and more particularly the late transactions at the castle, threw the family into the greatest consternation, which determined the Count to quit it as soon as he could provide himself with another residence. He had lately heard that a villa, about fifteen leagues distant was to be let, and he made up his mind to go and see it, his friends promising him to remain at the castle with the Countess during his absence for a few days.

He accordingly departed one morning, taking with him Masetti, and three other servants on horseback, well prepared to repel any attack that might be made upon him. Nothing of consequence occurred to him on his journey, and he arrived safe at the place of his destination in the evening. The following day, he went to the villa, which upon inspection he found exactly suited him, and after agreeing with the owner of it, he pursued his journey homeward, having transacted his business to his entire satisfaction. The Count fully expected to have reached the castle the same night, but it grew suddenly dark, and fearing that he had missed the way, he desired one of his attendants to make inquiry of a person, whom they could but just discern, riding a little distance before them. The man informed them, that, if they continued to follow him, they would be right, as he himself was going their way. But a storm coming on, the Count and his servants were compelled to alight at a small cottage which they had then come to, and solicit a shelter. The person whom they had accosted on the road, likewise followed their example. The only inhabitants were an old man and his son, who set before them some bread and fruit, and wine, and then conducted their horses to an outhouse.

Tassini, on casting his eyes towards the stranger, was struck with awe at his appearance—his person, which was rather tall, was enveloped in a long dark cloak—his beard and mustaches very long and black—his countenance of the most deadly hue, which produced a striking contrast to his beard and dress—indeed, his whole appearance was the most terrific. He did not enter into any conversation, but maintained a most gloomy silence. The storm still continuing unabated, the old man offered to accommodate the Count with a bed in an adjoining room, but he refused, saying he should depart by break of day. The same offer was then made to the stranger, who accepted of it, and retired. When they were alone,

Tassini could not help remarking to his servants his suspicions of this man, and intimated that he did not consider it to be quite safe to be under the same roof with him. "You need not, Sir," said Masetti, "be under any apprehension, we are well armed, and have nothing to fear." This assurance of his favourite servant at once satisfied the Count, and he considered himself perfectly safe.

Near midnight the stranger softly entered the room, and finding all quiet, he first examined the Count, and afterwards his servants, who seemed to be asleep—he drew a dagger from under his cloak, and again approaches Tassini—his arm was already uplifted to plunge it in his bosom—when Masetti seized a pistol and fired—the weapon dropped powerless from his hand, and he fell down apparently lifeless.

*To be concluded in our next.*

#### CRUMBS OF COMFORTS FOR THOSE IN ADVERSITY.

*(For the Mirror.)*

SENECA, in his *Morals*, justly says, "There is no state of life so miserable, but there are in it remissions, diversions, nay, and delights too; such is the benignity of nature towards us, even in the severest accidents of human life. There were no living if adversity should hold on as it begins, and keep up the force of the first impression. Calamity tries virtue, as fire does gold. How many casualties and difficulties are there that we dread as insupportable mischiefs; which upon farther thoughts, we find to be mercies and benefits. Sometimes a calamity turns to our advantage; and great ruins have made way to great glories. It is only in adverse fortune, and in bad times, that we find great examples. Mucius thought himself happier with his hand in the flame, than if it had been kissed by his mistress. Fabricius took more pleasure in eating the roots of his own planting, than in all the delicacies of luxury and expense. The more we struggle with our necessities, we draw the knot the harder, and the worse it is with us: and the more the bird flaps and flutters in the snare, the sooner she is caught: so that the best way is to submit and be still, under this double consideration, that the *proceedings of God are unquestionable, and his decrees not to be resisted.*"

Some writer has observed, that "Adversity exasperates fools, and dejects cowards: it draws out the faculties of the

wise and courageous; emboldens the timid, and puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill: it awes the opulent, and makes the fallen industrious! Much may be said in favour of adversity: "the worst of it is, it has no friends."—Shakespeare, in his "As you like it," says—

"Sweet are the uses of *adversity*:  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

And again in the play of Henry VI. our great Poet says—

"Let me embrace these sour *adversities*:  
For wise men say, it is the wisest course."  
HENRY VI.

Rousseau says, "Reason requires us to support adversity with patience, and not increase its weight by useless complaints; not to esteem human things beyond their value; nor exhaust in bewailing our misfortunes, the strength we should exert to soften them; and, lastly, to recollect sometimes that it is impossible for man to foresee the future, and know himself sufficiently to judge whether what has happened be a blessing or a misfortune." "He that never was acquainted with adversity, has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature," says Seneca.

"Thou chifest good!  
Bestow'd by Heaven, but seldom understood."  
P. T. W.

#### TO AN ALTERED LOVER.

*(For the Mirror.)*

I will not now recall the hour,  
When love was all to me;  
And like the dew upon a flower,  
It rested on its chosen bower,  
In sweet security!

We part—another's heart receives thee,  
But far less fond, less true than mine;  
But when, that other heart deceives thee,  
Then, wilt thou think on her who leaves thee,  
Whose life, whose heart and soul were thine.

How much I prized thy love I own,  
No other love can e'er efface it;  
But like that dew, too roughly thrown,  
Far from its shelter, broken, gone,  
And lost! Oh, say! who can replace it?  
Fair dreams have passed—my task is set,  
Careless what fate may soon await me;  
My brightest days are clouded, yet  
My heart a prey to fond regret,  
Can never quite forget, or hate thee.

Believe me, no—on memory's leaf,  
Are lines, the hand of Time shall spare,  
And pausing, mark thy love, the chief.  
The dearest source of joy and grief,  
My heart's best treasure wasting there.

And think of this—had all of gloom,  
Of darkness, or despair been thine,  
E'er to the confines of the tomb,  
Mid blighted hopes and wasted bloom,  
Thy fortune had been mine.

FRANCESCA.

## JANET'S LETTER TO THE EDITRESS.

(For the Mirror.)

It doth not appear to me that curiosity, our sex's foible and their only fault, is altogether liable to the latter exception if harmlessly exercised. In truth, then, I among many others are on the tip-toe of anxiety to know who and what thou art; for be what thou wilt, "thou com'st in such a questionable shape that I will speak to thee." Much do I feel disposed to enrol thee among my sex; for, lustrous as this age is in female beauty and prolific in acquirement, who dare undervalue those charms a MIRROR even is proud of reflecting? who shall presume to infer otherwise, simply from the numerous ephemerals of the day (among which yours, thanks to its able conduct, has stoutly upheld the championry) being conducted by the self-created lords of the creation? Its title—its host of male contributors—its chaste and brightly intellectual character—all suggest the idea of an editress—and one, too, to whom I would right willingly extend the hand of fellowship; but, oh, what fear doth blanch my cheek, lest the reverse should prove the fact; how would my virgin modesty shrink appalled at the bare idea of thus confidently addressing a whisker-andoe! It cannot be; the fire of genius mantles over your glittering pages, decking them with gems of hues too precious to be excited by other than an idolized goddess. All of them eager candidates for "wreathed smiles," eyeing each the other aakance with gallant daring, and wielding their pens with tempered seal and candour in honourable contention for excellence; this is at it should be.

Our silent coterie of blues leave the red coats to boarding-school risses and ungovernable hoydens, maintaining that "none but the wise deserve the fair," and feeling assured that, as human nature is constituted, wisdom does not exclude bravery, though the latter quality is often devoid of wisdom. Not, however, wishing to derogate from the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;" nevertheless they have their share of merit; and, conscious of the all-pervading influence of a gay exterior even among my own sex, I am disposed to be more indulgent towards that foible in the butterflies of the lordly race.

How I should delight to glance my eye over the array of talent reflected in your MIRROR; do, dear Editress, quickly make your election, that we of the forlorn hope may brighten in the prospect of sharing in the spoils. When the soul saddens into disappointment, it becomes

less fastidious; and to soften the edge of disappointment our club have resolved to pour in a neatly addressed fire on the instant, provided, of course, you charitably lend your fostering aid, which we are not so unreasonable as to expect until your own object is attained.

I have a solitary pleasure in idealizing your soul-stirring suitors; and foremost in the phalanx I place the redoubtable "P. T. W." whose murderous pen hath already immolated the inoffensive months of Anno 23; and who is, perhaps, now, ere their last glimmering taper hath expired in its socket, planning new campaigns, and, like a wary general, is marshalling and disciplining his prolific brain for fresh encounters, and consequent triumphs of surpassing brilliance.

In my mind's eye he is a brisk dapper powdered gent., ripe for the sickle of matrimony, and longing to be gathered to the harvest. If my memory fails not, he is a veteran in the lists, for methinks his prowess is abundantly heralded already.

Then the braw chick "Edgar," a strappan youth frae the border, strongly tintured with the spark divine: we will not say he *smells* o' the lamp, the phrase is somewhat fusty. The perfection of art is its consonance with nature; and he has happily attained that matured perfection which steals wille nille traceless to the heart.

"F—y," shall I waste a feather from my quiver? the designation smells of "the Poultry," and eulogy might be "sending coals to Newcastle," for our sex have a mortal aversion to feeding each other's vanity. We intuitively detect personation, however adroitly managed; and are apt to exclaim, even of those who wear the breeches, "right woman!" faith after all."

"++." A sudden awe restrains my pen. One star is felt to be a host within itself; but when two shine in one sphere, their astounding influence not merely disproves the ambitious axiom so long admitted, but threatens utter oblivion to any rash mortal who should presume to interpose. What do I say? sure my vision deceived me. Sweet Editress, pardon my wanderings; I mistook the gentle youth. In recompense I fain would say, if you the prize disdain, "Give me the daggers."

What has become of sprightly "Tim?" Sweet little "Tobykin," a fellow of infinite jest! Where be his quips and quiddities now? In good sooth we can't spare him. I dare not repeat half the agreeable things I hear—they'd gar him rin wud mad wi' joy, as dearly is he prized by the sonsie lassies.

As for "Beis," (ominous name,) if his forte really is a word and a blow, we hope we shall be privileged to choose for ourselves, for none of us have any reliab for fictic operations.

We should be delighted to glance at "Utopia's" scheme of matrimony; to us spinsters new lights on the subject are ever acceptable. As for "A. B. C." we can get him by heart at any time.

More anon, if agreeable, from your zealous friend  
JANET.

### MORE MISTAKES IN THE SCOTCH NOVELS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In your Sixty-fourth Number is a note from Peter Tomkins, in which he complains of a mistake made by the author of the Scotch Novels. The one he has pointed out in Kenilworth, is similar to another which I remember having noticed in Ivanhoe. It occurs in that part where Rebecca is shut up in the castle of Front de Bœuf. Not having the novel at hand, I cannot tell what page, nor repeat the words. But she is represented in the first instance to be unable to secure herself against intruders, by there being no inner bolt to the door of the apartment—and in a subsequent passage, to have secured herself by fastening one which was attached to it.

In St. Ronan's Well, are two other contradictions. Speaking of Lady Penelope Penfeather, the author says: "The rank and fortune of the lady, *her pretensions to beauty*, as well as talent, (though the former was something faded) and the consequence which she arrogated to herself as a woman of fashion, drew round her painters, poets, and philosophers, &c. Vol. I. p. 67—8. Again: "She was the daughter of an Earl, possessed a shewy person, and *features which might be called handsome* in youth, though now rather too much pronounced to render the term proper." Ibid. 124. Whilst he afterwards adds: "Notwithstanding the depredations which time had made on a *countenance which had never been distinguished for beauty*, she (Lady P.) seemed desirous to top the part of the beautiful daughter of Egeus." Vol. II. page 178.

Mowbray thus addresses himself to Micklewham: "I got that affected slut, *Lady Binks's* maid, to tell me what her mistress had set her mind on, and she is to wear a Grecian habit forsooth.—But here's the rub—there's only one shawl in Edinburgh that is worth showing off in—that shawl must be had for Clara.—Send instantly and secure it, for as *Lady*

*Binks* writes by to-morrow's post, your order can go by to-night's mail." Vol. II. p. 117. Clara afterwards, in a conversation with her brother, says, "The shawl had been bespoken on her (*Lady Penelope's*) account, or very nearly so—she showed me the tradesman's letter, only some agent of yours had come in between with the ready money." Vol. II. page 229. And again, it is stated: "He, (Mowbray) himself, had been the first to interfere with, and defeat *her Ladyship's* (*Ladyship Penelope's*) designs on the garment in question." Ibid. 250.

To these contradictions you have added the following in your abridgement of the work. You first say, "and *under the same roof* (the Manse) does Clara also meet with her unhappy lover;" and then you continue: "We have no means of knowing whether she actually sought Tyrrel, but her *next* appearance was alone by the side of her unfortunate lover (at *Mrs. Margaret Dod's*)."  
The latter is agreeable to the Novels the former is not—both cannot be true.

OCULUS.

P.S. I cannot understand what P. T. means by concluding his note with "describing any thing otherwise *beautiful*." What beauty was there in the black or white eye-brows of the impostor?

### Miscellaneous.

#### THE FAIR OF MAKARIEFF.

NEAR the banks of the Wolga, on the confines of Europe and Asia, this fair is held, and the miserable village, for a month, partakes of all the festivities of a great metropolis: the richest commodities are brought here. The following is an account of a bargain for shawls:—The conclusion of a bargain for shawls always takes place before witnesses. Having been asked to attend in that capacity, I went to the fair with the purchaser, the other witnesses, and a broker, who was an Armenian. We stopped at an unfinished stone house, without a roof, and were ushered into a kind of cellar; though it was the abode of an extremely rich Hindoo, it had no other furniture than eighty elegant packages, piled one upon the other against the wall. Parcels of the most valuable shawls are sold, without the purchaser seeing any more than the outside of them; he neither unfolds nor examines them, and yet he is perfectly acquainted with every shawl by means of a descriptive catalogue, which the Armenian broker with much diffi-

culty, procures from Cashmere. He and his witnesses and brokers, for he sometimes has two, all sit down: he does not, however, say a word; every thing being managed by the brokers, who go continually from him to the seller, whispers in their ears, and always take them to the farthest corner of the apartment. This negotiation continues till the price first asked is so far reduced, that the difference between that and the price offered is not too great, so that hopes may be entertained of coming to an agreement. The shawls are now brought, and the two principals begin to negotiate. The seller displays his merchandize, and extols it highly; the buyer looks upon it with contempt, and rapidly compares the numbers and the marks. This being done, the scene becomes animated; the purchaser makes a direct offer, the seller rises as if going away, the brokers follow him crying aloud, and bring him back by force; they contend and struggle, one pulls one way and one the other; it is a noise, a confusion, of which it is difficult to form an idea. The poor Hindoo acts the most passive part; he is sometimes even ill-treated; when this has continued for some time, and they think they have persuaded him, they proceed to the third act, which consists in giving the hand, and is performed in a most grotesque manner. The brokers seize upon the seller, and endeavour, by force, to make him put his hand in that of the purchaser, who holds it open, and repeats his offer with a loud voice. The Hindoo defends himself; he makes resistance, and disengages himself, and wraps up his hand in the wide sleeves of his robe, and repeats his first price in a lamentable voice. This comedy continues a considerable time, they separate—they make a pause as if to recover strength for a new contest, the noise and the struggle recommence; at last the two brokers seize the hand of the seller, and, notwithstanding all his efforts and cries, oblige him to lay it in the hand of the buyer. All at once the greatest tranquillity prevails; the Hindoo is ready to weep, and laments in a low voice that he has been in too great a hurry. The brokers congratulate the purchaser; they sit down to proceed to the final ceremonies—the delivery of the goods. All that has passed is a mere comedy; it is, however, indispensable, because the Hindoo will by all means have the appearance of having been deceived and duped. If he has not been sufficiently pushed about and shaken—if he has not had his collar torn—if he has not received the full compliment of punches in the ribs, and knocks on the

head—if his right arm is not black and blue from being held fast to make him give his hand to the buyer, he repents of his bargain to the next fair, and then it is very difficult to make him listen to any terms. In the affair which I assisted as a witness, the Hindoo had demanded 230,000 rubles, and come down to 180,000; and of this sum he paid two per cent. to the brokers. Our whole party sat down with crossed legs upon a handsome carpet spread on purpose. When we had taken refreshments, the merchandize was delivered; and when every thing was at last settled, the whole company knelt down to pray.

KIOW.

### HORRID BARBARITY; OR, THE VICTIMS OF VENGEANCE.

#### A HIGHLAND STORY.

THE name of Benin Gorod, in Mull, a mountain with Basaltic pillars, 200 feet in height, discovered by Mr. Raspe, in the year 1789, and far superior to Staffa, the Giant's Causeway, or any other specimen of the kind hitherto known, arises from a story, of a nature so truly tragical, that it merits to be preserved. There are many traditions respecting it, but the following seems to be the most authentic.

A powerful chieftain, who was Lord of the Island of Mull many years ago, was no less distinguished for the extent of his territories, where he lived in great feudal magnificence, than for a ferocity of temper which knew no bounds, and a spirit of avarice which he found no means of satisfying, but by grievously oppressing his tenants and vassals, and seizing their property and estates. He was particularly anxious to acquire the possessions of a neighbour, whose name was Gorod, on account of their extent and contiguity. But he had long abstained from any attempt of this kind, both as Gorod, though above fifty years of age, had remained unmarried, and, falling of him and his heirs, the estate reverted to the chieftain, and because his only son, who was reared according to the custom of those times, in the family of a vassal, was in his custody. Gorod, however, contrary to the expectation of every one, married a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, whom he had accidentally met with in one of the neighbouring islands; and the chieftain had reason to apprehend that the expectations with which he had flattered himself of getting his vassal's estate by a failure of his posterity, would be frustrated.

Impelled by lust and disappointment,

he resolved to destroy the hopes and happiness of Gorod, by seducing his wife, which he with difficulty effected, and at last carried her in triumph to his castle. Gorod concealed his rage whilst he inwardly vowed vengeance: and having contrived in the course of a great hunting party, at which the chieftain and his son, Gorod and the lady, and all the principal people of the island assisted, to bring the whole company to the summit of a lofty mountain, he seized the youth, and, standing on the brink of a frightful precipice, he exclaimed, "This instant I plunge myself and this boy down the cliff, unless that infamous woman is put to death by the hands of her seducer." The chieftain trembling for the safety of the only support of his family, and encouraged by the persuasions of his unhappy mistress, who presented her breast to receive the stroke, reluctantly obeyed.

Gorod then cried out "I am revenged! but that tyrant must be punished." Then springing from the mountain with the unhappy youth in his arms, they were almost instantly dashed in pieces. The place has ever since been known by the name of *Benin Gorod*, or the *Hill of Gorod*: and the prospect from its summit, particularly when the spectator revolves in idea the scene that was there exhibited, excites a degree of horror which it is impossible to describe.

Affrighted mem'ry shrinks e'en now to tell  
The scene that once on Gorod-Hill befell!  
E'en fiend-eyed vengeance trembles at the thought,

And shuns the havoc that destruction wrought:  
To "Auld lang Syne," commits the blood-stain'd deed,  
And shudd'ring, dares not in the tale proceed.

UTOPIA.

#### FRUITS, &c. FIRST BROUGHT TO ENGLAND.

CHERRIES were first brought over from Flanders, in the reign of Henry VIII., by the King's fruiterer, and planted in Kent, whence they had the name of Kentish cherries. Our Kentish pippins bear the same date. Lord Cromwell introduced the *Perdrigon* plumb in this in the reign of Henry VII.; and Wolfe, that King's gardener, first brought in apricots. Artichokes came in at the same time, but they were in no plenty till the reign of Queen Mary. The Levant traders brought in currants from Zante, in the time of Henry VIII.: and tulip roots first came from Vienna, in 1578. The hop, which is now thought so much of, was, under the reign of Henry VI., petitioned against in parliament, as "a wicked weed!" As late as the reign of

Elizabeth, hops were fetched from the low countries. Potatoes were first brought to England by Sir Walter Raleigh; and clover grass was first introduced in this country from Flanders, in 1645. Some fig-trees, planted by Cardinal Pole, at Lambeth, in the reign of Henry VIII., are said yet to be in existence; as are the first mulberry-trees at *Sion-house*.

#### GENEVA.

THE morals of Geneva during the last half of the eighteenth century, were not by any means unobjectionable, although purer than in most other parts of Europe; luxury and idleness exerting their usual influence, the universal relaxation had gained ground, but the French revolution coming towards the latter end of this wicked age, swept away together vices and virtues, property and life. Half a century will be necessary to rebuild Genevan fortunes; adversity, in the meantime, and serious cares have restored the national character, not assuredly to Calvinistical austerity, but to simplicity, solidity, and a preference of domestic enjoyments over all others. I have occasionally heard music executed with that facility which marks great practice; drawing is very generally cultivated, and you meet with these accomplishments in families, where from all circumstances you might wonder there should be found time to acquire them. This is explained when you remark how few women above the lower ranks are seen about the streets or any where but at home, except a few hours at night; there are no morning visits at all.

Mr. de Candolle, professor of botany at Geneva, but whose reputation is European, made use, in a course of lectures, of a very valuable collection of American plants, entrusted to him by a celebrated Spanish botanist, Mr. Mosino, who having occasion for this collection sooner than was expected, sent for it back again. Mr. de Candolle having communicated the circumstance to his audience, with the expression of his regrets, some ladies who attended the lectures offered to copy, with the aid of their friends, the whole collection in a week, and the task was actually performed. The drawings, 860 in number, and filling 13 folio volumes, were executed by 114 female artists; one indeed of the ladies alone did 40 of them. — In most cases the principal parts only of each plant are coloured, the rest only traced with accuracy; the execution in general very good, and in some instances quite masterly. There is not perhaps another town of 23,000 souls where such



a number of female artists, the greater part of course amateurs, could be found. Notwithstanding the wide dispersion of the drawings, there were not any lost, and one of them having been accidentally dropt in the street, and picked up by a girl not ten years old, was returned to Mr. de Candole, copied by the child, and is no disparagement to the collection. On another occasion, several drawings were carried to a wrong house, but there, too, they found artists able and willing to do their part. This taste for the arts, and for knowledge in general, is universal.

#### ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.

THE King was not a great reader, but what he read he remembered tenaciously. In his historic recollections he shewed himself always particularly prompt and accurate. A curious proof of this is extant in the fine copy of the second folio edition of *Shakspeare's Works*, which is in the Royal library, and which originally belonged to Charles I. The book was purchased by Dr. Askew, at Dr. Mead's sale, for two guineas and a half, and at the death of Dr. Mead, Mr. Steevens became the purchaser of it, for five pounds ten shillings. In a leaf of this book, Charles I. had written with his own hand, "DUM SPIRO SPERO, C. R." And Sir Henry Herbert, to whom the King presented it the night before his execution, has also written, "*Ex dono Serenissimo Regis Car. Servo suo humiliss. T. Herbert.*"—Mr. Steevens has added, "Sir Thomas Herbert was Master of the Revels to King Charles I." The book being subsequently purchased for the King's library at eighteen guineas, his Majesty, on inspecting it, immediately observed, that there was an error in this last note of Mr. Steevens, and taking a pen, he wrote beneath it these words,—"This is a mistake, he (Sir Thomas Herbert) having been Groom of the Bed Chamber to King Charles I., but Sir Henry Herbert was Master of the Revels."

#### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.—*Woolton.*"

#### MISTAKE.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

MR. EDITOR.—The uncommonly tall gentleman so well known about the Inns of Court and the Metropolis, as having the body of a giant and the voice of a child, was one day walking through a fair held in one of the Ridings of York-

shire, when an outcry was raised, that the giant (a remarkably tall man then exhibiting there) was making off—the rabble pursued, and *malgré lui* brought back the supposed run away giant—the *equivoque* was then discovered, and it was found, the brother giant was safe in his fairy castle, to the no small entertainment of those present.

The same individual to whom I have alluded (it is supposed after a bacchanalian revel) was seen with great *nonchalance*, lighting his expiring segar at a lamp in the street, and he had taken off the lid for that purpose, which, when he had stolen, I may say, the sacred fire, this modern Prometheus quietly replaced.

*Light Heads.*—Two Gentlemen happening to be at a public entertainment, a third and mutual acquaintance was observed to come in wearing a white hat, the one remarked to the other, that Mr. ——— had on his white topper.—Oh! said his friend, "T—— is light headed this evening."

A YOUNG lady at the dancing academy of Mr. B——, not a hundred miles from Cornhill, sitting down and placing her head on her hand near the candle, he called out, Miss, pray move, or you will be light headed in a minute.

It is with narrow souled people as with narrow necked bottles, the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

WHEN men grow virtuous in their old age, it is only making a sacrifice to God of the Devil's leavings.

A STUDENT being asked for a definition of the three cardinal virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity, replied as follows:—

Quid est Fides?	Quod non Vides.
Quid est Spes?	Vana res.
Quid est Charitas?	Magna raritas.

WE may laugh at a country man saying "Meestur" for "Master," but he is more correct in the pronunciation according to the derivation than many may imagine. It is a great word, *Μυσω-περιτς*, *consullor*—*Thème Μη σοφ cura.*

#### EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL.

Hal says he's poor in hopes, you'll say he's not,  
But take his word for't, Hal's not worth a groat.

††

## EPIGRAM.

It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,  
The sailors all hurried to get absolution,  
Which done, and the weight of the sin  
they confess'd,  
Transferr'd, as they thought, from them-  
selves to the priest;  
To lighten the ship, and conclude the  
devotion,  
They toss'd the old parson souse into the  
ocean.

## EPIGRAM

*On seeing a young Lady writing verses  
with a hole in her Stocking.*

To see a lady of such grace,  
With so much sense, and such a face,  
So slatterly is shocking!  
O! if you would with Venus vie,  
Your pen and poetry lay by,  
And learn to mend your stocking.

## CANDID EPITAPH.

THE motto *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is generally most religiously adhered to in tomb-stone records: this however, does not appear to have been the case in the following:—

## INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENT,

*In Horsley Dooten Church in Cumberland.*

Here lie the bodies  
of Thomas Bond, and Mary his wife.  
She was temperate, chaste, and charitable;

BUT,

she was proud, peevish, and passionate.  
She was an affectionate wife, and a tender  
mother;

BUT,

her husband and child, whom she loved,  
seldom saw her countenance without a  
disgusting frown,

whilst she received visitors, whom she des-  
pised, with an endearing smile.

Her behaviour was discreet towards  
strangers;

BUT,

imprudent in her family.  
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by  
good breeding;

BUT,

at home, by ill-temper.  
She was a professed enemy to flattery,  
And was seldom known to praise or  
commend;

BUT,

the talents in which she principally  
excelled,  
were difference of opinion and discover-  
ing flaws and imperfections.

She was an admirable economist,  
and, without prodigality,  
dispensed plenty to every person in her  
family;

BUT,

would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing  
candle.

She sometimes made her husband happy,  
with her good qualities;

BUT,

much more frequently miserable—with  
her many failings;  
insomuch, that in thirty years cohabita-  
tion, he often lamented,  
that, maugre all her virtues,  
he had not, in the whole, enjoyed two  
years of matrimonial comfort.

## AT LENGTH,

finding she had lost the affections of her  
husband, as well as the regard of her  
neighbours,  
family disputes having been divulged by  
servants,  
she died of vexation, July 20, 1768,  
aged 48 years.

Her worn-out husband survived her four  
months and two days,  
and departed this life, Nov. 28, 1768,  
in the 54th year of his age.

William Bond, brother to the deceased,  
erected this stone,  
as a weekly monitor to the surviving  
wives of this parish,  
that they may avoid the infamy  
of having their memories handed down to  
posterity  
with a patch-work character.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Stage, a brief Oration. The Origin and  
History of Printing. C. D. An Amateur  
Musical Party. Clavis, and an Old Subscriber,  
in our next.

Leisure Hours, No. III. promised insertion in  
our present number, shall appear next week.

Sam Felix, in reply to a letter in the MIRROR,  
observes, that "if the Printer of the Almanack  
has made the 22d day of December the shortest  
day, he has committed an error."

We have great doubts of Tom Peppen's plan.  
A Constant Reader will find "How d'ye do"  
and "Good bye," in No. 26 of the MIRROR.

Errata.—In our last, page 51, line 33 of the  
article, for "sepulchre" read sepulture.

Col. 2, line 10, for "cornedd" read earned.

At the bottom, for "тѣмъ" read те-  
мъ; for "всѣмъ" read все-  
мъ; for "всѣмъ" read все-  
мъ.

In page 52, line 12, for "tritum" read tutum.

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